

"STRAIGHT EDGERS" LEAD THE SIMPLE LIFE AND DEMONSTRATE SUCCESS

Quaint Settlement in Old Abingdon Square Carries Out Unique Plan.

EACH ON HIS MERIT.

Everybody Works, and Everybody Scores "Points" That Become Dividends in Profits.

Wouldst lead the simple life? Go to No. 1 Abingdon square, if you can find the way, and make your wish known at the Sign of the Straight Edge. The founder, director and prevailing genius of this industrial settlement, Wilbur F. Copeland, who can give Charles Wagner axes and spades in his own game, will take you in and make you a self-supporting and helpful member of society, provided you have the card of admission, which is to say a desire to work.

"No loafers need apply," might be displayed over the dilapidated position, were such a sentiment not out of keeping with Straight Edge ideals. You have to be a "willing worker" or you can't be happy at No. 1 Abingdon square.

That is why the Straight Edge Industrial Settlement has succeeded where all other such enterprises have failed, and after seven years of progress, looks forward to a never-ending lease of life.

Straight Edge Way of Living.

Just what the Straight Edge is, it is difficult to say. "Industrial Settlement" expresses its function perfectly, but Mr. Copeland shudders lest the public may dub his enterprise "communist." He defines it as a plan "for working out the better way of life," and "the means for solving the problem of human inter-relationship."

After you've thought it all over, you come to the conclusion that the old red-brick house of the Straight Edge shelters a tiny working community that recognizes the need of division of labor, the equality of all work, the rights of the individual and his obligations to his fellows, and the value of a vegetable diet. That's about it.

There are twenty-two industrial units in Mr. Copeland's Utopia. Ten of them are youngsters, but not without their usefulness. These small persons' activities in the "play-work school" are of considerable value. The other workers are engaged in the Straight Edge Industries—the "printery," the "bannery" (only it's called the Straight Edge Kitchen), and the vegetarians only need apples and the "instrument-makers."

Each resident in The Straight Edge is entitled by his industry to \$3 worth of weekly service cards, which he mends as he wishes for food, washing and other personal service available in the settlement.

"Some of us take two meals a day and more washing. Others of us prefer more food and less laundering. We are all at liberty to gratify these personal tastes as we please," explains Mr. Copeland.

Profits on Point System.

Besides the weekly service cards, each member who has served his probation period of two months is entitled to a share in the combined industrial earnings of the society, according to his rating by points. If a worker has proved his efficiency according to an exhaustive list of qualifications, he is discussed at the monthly point meeting, and voted thirty-six points, provided his two months' service was satisfactory. If he continues to demonstrate his efficiency he is raised a point by common vote each month.

Point once, one of us was raised two points the same month, but that was phenomenal," said Mr. Copeland, "and very frequently common sense deprives us of a point or two. It's all a matter of common opinion."

After seven years of faithfulness, the organizer of the Straight Edge has fifty-seven points to his credit. Year after year the Straight-Edge dishwasher had more points than he. That's where the rub comes to a rank outsider. Why should the activities of a man of genius, as Mr. Copeland is, be rewarded no more generously than those of the charwoman or the cook? As the Straight Edge in chief explains:

"Life is too short for one moment of idleness. We shouldn't do one second's work that we do not truthfully enjoy. Otherwise, we lose our efficiency."

"Personally, I do not like to wash dishes. I'm quite willing to do my own washing or cook my own meals, but I don't like dishwashing. Now, our dishwasher doesn't want to print booklets or teach in the play-school. She loves both the work, and she has fitted it to her. Why should I prefer more by my teaching on my press work than the faithful woman by her dishwashing?"

"Lair-Right" to Mothers.

Mr. Copeland says that every working mother in his industrial centre has the "Lair-Right" for her children. And he will quote the "Jungle Book" to prove it:

"The law of the wolf is his refuge, and where he has made him his home. Not the head wolf may enter, nor even the council may come. Cub-right is the right of the yearling. From all of his den he may claim. From all of his den he may claim. From all of his den he may claim."

Every child has the amount of "service tickets" issued to all members alike, and, according to their efficiency in the play-school, the boys and girls

RUSSIAN POLICE CHIEF MURDERED IN POLAND.

LUBLIN, Russian Poland, April 25.—Lieut.-Col. Gol, Chief of the Gendarmes at Chelm, was murdered last night. The assassin escaped.

A Book of Mystery.

Lieut. Alan Drummond of the British Navy, recently blundered upon a mysterious rock in mid-ocean that has stirred up international complications. For further particulars see Sunday World, May 6, when Robert Barr's masterpiece, "A Rock in the Baltic," will begin. This story will be completed in four specially large installments. Illustrated.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY?

It may seem ridiculous to even imagine such a thing as a tree that bore 'most all the necessities of life, such as good-paying positions for the unemployed; competent workers for housewives, merchants, manufacturers, &c.; letters giving reliable advice about where to live; where to safely and profitably invest your savings; where to find able instructors and how to make your "shopping" money go the furthest.

You often hear of the Tree of Knowledge, so why couldn't the term "Tree of Information" be appropriately applied to the Sunday World's Want Directory? First of all, the propriety of this cognomen is self-evident. If this wonderful Directory is not literally an "Oak of Publicity" that bears each week a wealth of exclusive



The Straight Edge Settlement

"STRAIGHT-EDGE" MENU.

Saturday, April 28, 1906.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy. Pig and Raisin Sauce. Fried Eggs. Creamed Potatoes. Hot Straight-Edge Rolls. Cocoa. Cereal.

DINNER.

Vegetable Soup. Walnut Croquette with Cream Gravy. String Beans. Straight-Edge Bread. Prune Sauce. Cakes. Cocoa. Cereal.

are awarded points like grown-ups and receive weekly dividends.

For instance, Lorraine Baum, the youngest in the school, received this week the dividend on one point, three cents on the ground that he lived in harmony with his fellow-men.

As the young adopted son of Mr. Copeland, "M" names Odis, an 'm' nickname 'a Cope,' puts it. "He got a point for not scripping."

"Cope" is the six-year-old who can write words in shorthand.

Shorthand Before Alphabet.

"I teach them that first—before their letters," says Mr. Copeland. "They can grasp signs and symbols more quickly than letters and separate sounds."

Most teachers would think such a course of instruction a pretty pass, like the rest of the Copeland system of common-sense education—which, in a nutshell, is the art of co-operation—but it seems to work out pretty well, and combined with a diet of "things that never spoiled" seems to turn out a pretty, red-cheeked and sparkling-eyed kindergarten.

Things doubtless wouldn't run so smoothly at No. 1 Abingdon square if it weren't for the social earnest, helpful personality of Mr. Copeland and his sweet little wife. The organizer has about as quiet and pretty a sense of humor as ever came out of Wesleyan University, and his wife is the very essence of affection and motherliness.

These two turn the barrenness of their quest into a garden of joy and happiness. The play-workers come sliding down the banisters to the front door, with the true home spirit. There are no slaves or hirelings beneath the roof, but only friends and neighbors.

Mr. Copeland has the right 'a' idea, says Mr. Barton. "He's the employer who sacrifices his employer's interests to the interests of his employees and the betterment and advancement of mankind. That's pretty hard to beat."

When you think that Mr. Copeland gave up a good business position to live in comparative penury for the sake of social harmony it does seem "hard to beat."

King Edward Firm WITH THE SULTAN

Orders British Officials to Push Claims in the Tabah Boundary Question.

NAIPLIES, April 25.—King Edward and Sir Charles Hardinge, Permanent Under Secretary of the British Foreign Office and former Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who is in attendance upon the King, have received many despatches from Premier Campbell-Bannerman and Foreign Secretary Grey in regard to the trouble with Turkey over the Tabah boundary dispute, and according to reports here, the King has issued instructions that the firmest attitude be assumed by the British officials.

King Edward is also said to have conferred with Lord Rosebery on the subject.

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Information About Things Wanted!



MR. COPELAND AND MR. BARTON AT STRAIGHT EDGE-PRESSES.

HOW A "STRAIGHT-EDGER" GETS REWARD OF VIRTUE AND INDUSTRY.

When, after two months' service, all this can be said of a "Straight-Edger" he is entitled to thirty-six points and a share in the industrial earnings (about three cents a point a week).

Does useful and necessary work that adds to the industrial efficiency of the organization, and as much of it as could reasonably be expected from a thoroughly trained worker with the best equipment.

Puts in the time and energy necessary to do to the best of his ability all the work for which he becomes responsible.

Knows how to set himself to work and to keep at work without needless supervision.

Carries responsibilities continuously, never throwing his work on somebody else, or leaving it without arranging to have it done properly.

Requires no waiting on; is willing to do anything there is to be done.

Cleans up after himself; leaves his working place in order; is clean about his work and in his personal habits.

Takes care of the tools and utensils with which he works.

Works in harmony with others; shows respect for his fellow workers and consideration for their rights, convenience and comfort.

Attends the business conferences; watches the economies of the place; saves material and expense; makes and helps to carry out helpful suggestions.

Has worked long enough to earn the proportionate share of working capital required on an average to furnish a first-class industrial opportunity for each co-operative worker.

SUICIDE AS AID TO HIS FAMILY

Krell Hanged Himself to Provide Insurance Money to Needy Ones.

Believing that his life insurance, which is \$500, would be of more value to his wife and three children than he would, Samuel Krell hanged himself on the roof of his home, No. 61 East Eleventh street today.

Krell was a carriage painter, thirty-two years old. A week ago the shop in which he worked was burned and he lost his job. He, his wife and children had been living up to all he could earn while there was plenty of work, and without work a few days found them in want.

He wrote letters all yesterday. He told his wife that there were a lot of friends and relatives who had not heard from him in years, and that he wanted to let them know he was in the land of the living. Last night he went out and borrowed \$2.14, the amount of his dues in the Arbeiter Ring, a workmen's association, which insures its members decent burial and gives widows \$50.

Krell came from his wife's side some time early this morning while she was sleeping. He had a disheveled and wild hair, and was dressed in a suit of ill-fitting clothes, and the truth dawned upon her. She went to the roof and there she found him dead.

The letter written to the wife read: "Dear Wife—This day I commit suicide. Grave little for me. See that the children are placed in an orphan asylum. Perhaps my brother will take our oldest daughter, Dora. If so, give her to him, and send her also to an orphan asylum. That I do this is better for them and for you. SAM KRELL."

STROLLO GUILTY OF PARK MURDER

Circumstantial Evidence Furnished by His Own Letters Lead to His Conviction.

HOW HE LURED VICTIM.

Led Him to Lonely Thicket in Van Cortlandt, Promising to Lead Him to Lost Brother.

On the strength of evidence purely circumstantial Antonio Strollo is going to die in the chair. It took a jury twenty minutes to find him guilty of murder in the first degree before Justice O'Gorman in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court today. Sentence is to be pronounced Monday.

Out of this trial Assistant District Attorney Arthur Train is going to be able to get material for another of his magazine stories on the oddities and the human side of the processes of the law, unless he is too modest to chronicle a very keen bit of work of his own.

The State started its inquiry with little more than the fact that an Italian had been hacked to pieces in a thicket in Van Cortlandt Park. From that beginning so secure a case was developed that Strollo could find no loophole of escape, notwithstanding the fact that not a living person saw the killing. It is the first record of the conviction of an Italian for murder on circumstantial evidence in this country.

While Strollo was in a gang of laborers at Lambertville, N. J., last year, he learned that one of his fellows, Angelo Torselli, had savings of \$25 and was looking for a brother who had disappeared. Immediately he left New Jersey and came to New York. From here he wrote to Torselli, telling him that he had found the lost brother in a construction crew in the Bronx.

On Aug. 17 he went to Lambertville and returned with Torselli, having agreed to pilot the unsuspecting Jersey Italian to the place where the brother worked. Next morning Torselli's body was found in the park with thirty-six stiletto wounds in it.

How He Was Identified.

From an address on a paper in one of the dead man's pockets the police identified him. Then they arrested Strollo. He had a fresh wound on his hand. He could produce no one who had seen him on the afternoon before. Other things there apparently trifling there was nothing which could be called proof against him, except that he had left Lambertville with Torselli.

He was sent to the House of Detention. Detective-Sergeant Repetto, posing as a prisoner in an assault case, was taken there at the same time. The detective managed to win the confidence of Strollo.

Soon after Repetto left the House of Detention he got a letter from Strollo. Strollo wrote to beg his new-found friend to appear at the trial as a witness and testify that he (Repetto) had seen Strollo on Mott street on the morning of Aug. 17 and that at that time Strollo had a wound on his hand.

Caused His Downfall.

Strollo's fatal facility with a pen was his downfall. The letter to Repetto produced in court was what really clinched the case of the prosecution, but it had helped form an unexpected source. The defense offered a letter, too—an anonymous letter, mailed in Jersey City—saying that a man named Joe Gizi was the murderer. The reason Mr. Train proved by experts that Strollo had written this letter, too.

Although no one saw him enter the lonely park with his victim and no one saw him come forth alone after the butchery.

PLUNGED TO DEATH WHILE FLYING KITE.

Boy at Play Falls Four Stories from Roof and Skull Is Fractured.

Edwin Phelan died in St. Vincent's Hospital today, a victim of the New York condition that makes the crowded streets and the croquet roofs the playground of the poor. He was ten years old and lived at No. 11 Morton street.

The boy was in the kitchen of the flat occupied by the Phelan family on the second floor. There was no room to fly the kite in the street and boys are not allowed to fly kites in the parks. So the boy took his kite to the roof.

A companion held the kite and Edwin ran with the string. The kite sailed into the air, winning with its head turned half around to note the progress of his toy, went right over the edge of the roof and fell four stories to the ground. His skull was fractured.

War with England!

England and Russia at last have an excuse for war, brought on by the rash act of a young British officer. This act and its consequences are vividly described in "A Rock in the Baltic," a stirring novel by Robert Barr, which will begin in the Sunday World May 6, complete in four copious installments.

NEGRO SHOT OFF LITTLE GIRL'S EAR

Mob Threatened to Lynch Him in Ninety-ninth Street.

ALL OVER A POOL GAME.

Prisoner Is Proud to Be Considered in the District as a "Bad Man."

When Ernest Richardson, a negro bellboy employed in the Hotel Aberdeen, was arraigned in the West Side Police Court today and held in \$2,000 bail, he was battered and bruised. He just missed being put to death last night by a mob. Richardson's home is at No. 70 West Ninety-ninth street, in the "upper west side negro colony."

Two policemen, with clubs and revolvers, saved him from the fury of the crowd after he shot a nine-year-old white girl through the ear, in an effort to lodge six bullets in the body of Antonio Dary, a West Indian mulatto who lives in the same block, on the other side of the street.

The white men in the crowd didn't know anything about his intent. All that appealed to them was the screaming, bleeding girl lying on the sidewalk, and the long pent-up hatred had an opportunity to vent itself when Richardson, half-dead with fear, despite his reputation as a bad man, was dragged through the streets, on the way to the West One Hundredth Street Police Station.

More than a thousand men and women surged through Ninety-ninth street and up Columbus avenue to One Hundredth street, kicking and striking at Richardson, throwing stones at him and running the risk of being shot or clubbed by trying to take him away from the policemen. Even after he was locked up the crowd remained massed in front of the police station for half an hour.

The Ninety-ninth street negroes did not mingle in the crowd but stuck to their homes in the fear that they might become the victims of misdirected vengeance.

Richardson is an undersized chap and is proud of the distinction of being "bad." He quarreled with Dary in a pool parlor in Ninety-ninth street late in the afternoon. He was unarmed. He said that if he had his revolver he would make his opponent "look like a counterfeited nickel."

Dary, who is big and good-natured, laughed and told him to run and get his gun, and he did. The West Indian was warned to be on his guard, and he spoke to Policeman Tiernan. The two stroled together through Ninety-ninth street and separated midway in the block. The Indian had walked about one hundred yards when Richardson appeared in the doorway of his house and began shooting as fast as he could pull the trigger of his revolver.

One bullet struck Dary in the fleshy part of the thigh. Four went wild. The sixth cut off the ear of Eva Yares, of No. 71 West Ninety-ninth street. The shouts of Dary, the screams of the policeman aroused the neighborhood. Richardson fled upstairs. Dary, bleeding profusely, followed him, and the two grappled on the second floor. The little girl, her face bleeding, appeared to be mortally wounded. A great throng of women gathered around her, and as Dary and Richardson came tumbling down to the street there were loud cries of:

"There he is! There he is! Kill him!"

Policeman Tiernan rushed for assistance and another policeman ran to his aid. It was only by fighting their way that they were able to get Richardson to the station-house. No one offered bail for him. He will be arraigned this morning.

OUR "Massapequa Special" Train

will be continued until further notice, RAIN or SHINE. This Sunday and every Sunday leaving for

MASSAPEQUA

ON THE FOLLOWING SCHEDULE:

EAST 34TH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, 2 P. M.

FLATBUSH AVENUE, BROOKLYN, 2.05 P. M.

NOSTRAND AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

MANHATTAN CROSSING, BROOKLYN.

Every week-day (regular train) from East 34th Street Ferry, New York, and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, at 10.40 A. M. and 1.40 P. M.

Our representatives at above depots will provide you with tickets to this train. LOTS IN OUR FIRST SECTION NOW SELLING AT OPENING PRICE, \$240 EACH; \$10 DOWN AND \$5 PER MONTH.

WATER, GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT MAINS AND GRANOLITHIC SIDEWALKS WILL BE INSTALLED, WITHOUT COST TO PURCHASERS.

NO TAXES FOR TWO YEARS, NO INTEREST AND NO ASSESSMENTS. THIS IS THE GREATEST OFFER THAT HAS EVER BEEN MADE IN NEW YORK SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

UPON THE COMPLETION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA IMPROVEMENTS, THESE LOTS WILL SELL FOR MANY TIMES PRESENT PRICES.

Titles guaranteed by the Title Insurance Co. of N. Y. without cost to purchasers.

You know you have made the right selection if you buy along the path the crowds take. 67 towns now along the 419 miles of the MONTAUK DIVISION of the L. I. R. R., and upon completion of the Pennsylvania Tunnel MASSAPEQUA will be 35 minutes from Broadway.

Do not delay your visit. You will want to secure one of the best locations. The "MASSAPEQUA SPECIAL" does away with all crowding and annoyances.

QUEENS LAND AND TITLE CO.

Times Building, 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

Telephones 1023 1024 Bryant

Offices always open Saturday night until 11 o'clock

RUBBER PLANT SHRINERS TO TAKE A LONG JOURNEY

In a Caravan of Pullmans the Arabic Nobles of Brooklyn Will Cross Sands Toward the Setting Sun.

Now it comes to our ears that certain Arabic Nobles who dwell in the Oasis of Brooklyn, yes, even the Land of the Rubberplant, gathered themselves in Kismet Temple and prepared to go on a long journey across the hot sands

bedouins of the desert and sprinkling backbeeh along the route. The caravan will go a twenty-six days' journey over their tired steeds and camels as the minarets of Brooklyn again, and in that time a broad streak of vermilion hue will be applied to the landscape between our fair city and the Oases of the Coast.

The Lehigh Caravan Route will be followed by the faithful on their pilgrimage to Al Malaikah Temple, before which they will leave their shoes for devotions. Passing the far western land of Buffalo and shooting any buffalo they may see from the car windows; passing through the wilds of Ohio and Indiana, they will see the strange tribes of statesmen and the untamed literatores, swinging from tree to tree, passing through that Oriental part of Illinois just above Egypt they will pause a short space on the Oases of St. Louis.

From there they will proceed on to the wilds of Kansas, where the bleeding has been staunch with the bank accounts, and after crossing the hot and thirsty sands of the Southwest they will compare the Grand Canyon with the Brooklyn Bridge. Then on through the constant Oases of California to a week

toward the setting sun, the said journey to begin on April 30, when the caravan of Pullmans pull out with the sheiks and nobles of Perambulatorville.

It was the intention of the Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine to hold their meeting in the Oases of Los Angeles, but owing to the earthquake which threatened that city the business season will be held in Chicago, a city where the parching sands are cooled by springs which bubble seven days in the week.

Not Afraid of Quakes.

The said Brooklyn nobles, undeterred by the disturbances of nature, are ready of delights in Los Angeles, where the canned fruit comes from.

Camp in Their Own Caravan.

Owing to the unforeseen circumstances the Shriners will camp in their own Pullmans, which are being decorated and the expected adventures in Chinatown among the descendants of our old friend Aladdin have been flagged, unless aforesaid Chinatown can be found. On the return the Arabic Nobles will look over their old neighbors, the Lost Tribes of Mormon and the Lost Wives of Sodom. Then the weary caravan will be back by way of Niagara Falls to the Rubberplant Oasis, arriving May 26.

The Arabic Nobles will be in Pullmans, William Hammer, Nobles Dilworth, Richardson, Tonsor, Balston, Kaye, District Attorney Clarke, Dr. E. F. Richey, Dr. C. A. Butler and their wives. Val Woodruff, master of the banjo, left 30, will furnish the heavy comedy. Chauncey Oxline will study the Western hours to compare with the Brooklyn gazelles, and Capt. Dary, with the celebrated Arab patrol of Kismet, will make the outfitting both ornate and spectacular.

ant, the janitor, a negro, and the latter's wife, and Bryant became so abusive that Powers put him under arrest. After he had put his prisoner out on the sidewalk Powers was attacked by the janitor and his wife, the latter using a club with such effect that it was necessary for a surgeon from the Harbord Hospital to take half a dozen stitches in a wound on Powers's head. The policeman landed the man and the woman in the station-house.

FATAL SHOTS ON TRAIN.

DALLAS, Tex., April 25.—A special to the News from Canadian, Tex., says:

On the northbound passenger train on the Kansas Southern Railway Company of Texas, Thursday night, J. W. Henderson, of Killeen, Tex., was shot and killed and M. H. A. Penny, of Philadelphia, was shot under the left eye.

Frank Butler, alias Al Mayfield, of Texas, Okla., is held in jail here charged with shooting both.

WOMAN'S CLUB HURT POLICEMAN

Janitor and Wife Assault Officer Who Tries to Arrest Them.

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